

ADVICE to ENGLAND;  
OR,  
RESOLUTION.  
A  
P O E M.

Occasioned by the late

EARTHQUAKE.

AND

Seriously Recommended to all FAMILIES;

MORE ESPECIALLY,

To Those who intend to depart *London*.

---

*Alb me! — And why, Alb me!  
We suffer but a human Misery?*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN HINTON, at the *King's Arms* in  
*St. Paul's Church-Yard*. MDCCL.

---

(Price SIXPENCE)

*Vet. A4 e. 2362*



## To the READER.

**I** AM not ignorant of the many Judgements and Censures that is likely to be pass'd upon this little Poem; but, as I am at present unknown, it will be of very little Signification. I wrote it to please my Fancy, and do assure you, I am one of those who have learn'd to moderate my Affections and Desires, so as not to make myself uneasy at Trifles, but to have just Grounds for my Hopes and Fears; and my chief Endeavour is to attain that one Haven of a peaceable and quiet Mind. If this little Treatise does no Good, it will do no Harm. To conclude: As it now appears in the World, it will certainly pass for better or worse. I shall always be glad to be convinced of my Errors, and to see them corrected by an abler Pen.

READER, FAREWELL.



ADVICE to ENGLAND;  
OR,  
RESOLUTION.  
A  
POEM.

**T**HO' the hoarse Accents of the Trumpet's Voice,  
Clashing of Arms, and Battle's not my Choice ;  
Tho' Death, Destruction, Horror does appear  
O'er Earth and Sea, and fills the World with Fear ;  
Let Resolution govern still the Mind, 5  
And Prudence steer the Course true Peace to find.  
If Passion strikes thee with it's keenest Dart,  
Or deep Despair should pierce thee to the Heart,



Too plain, alas ! this Weakness is Despair,  
 And owes the Progress from it's Fountain, Fear. 10  
 If in thy Heart a Meanness should get Place,  
 And make thee stoop so low as to be base,  
 May Wisdom that's unerring guard thy Way,  
 Follow her Precepts and her Rules obey :  
 Her Rules are easy and her Burdens light, 15  
 It all consists in judging Wrong from Right.  
 Seek for Content, that Blessing of the Mind !  
 In That we all that's good may hope to find.  
 In diff'rent Men we diff'rent Passions see,  
 To gratify their Thoughts in Haste they flee : 20  
 Various the Ways by which they strive to gain  
 The darling Passion and their Ends obtain.  
 A furious Madness rages in their Breast,  
 'Till the imaginary Good's possess'd.  
 No good Advice or Reason can controul 25  
 To curb the Torrent of his longing Soul.  
 With Eagerness and Haste he still pursues,  
 From each new Object forms his diff'rent Views.



With eager Steps he treads the airy Maze,  
 For sweet Variety goes untry'd Ways. 30  
 Motion and Change of Place may have their Force,  
 But still we often alter for the worse.  
 Variety of Customs we may meet,  
 And Travel for a while may recreate,  
 Afford new Pleasures to the searching Eye ; 35  
 Soon, soon, alas ! they sicken and they die.  
 Music, and Wine, and Sleep, have each their Pow'r,  
 O'er Love or Grief, to ease them for an Hour.  
 Fields, Rivers, Groves, Rocks, Mountains, may invite,  
 Each for awhile may give us some Delight. 40  
 Our Sorrows drown'd, we quite forget our Care,  
 But then how soon returns again Despair :  
 For where's the Pleasure, if we view the Light,  
 And straight are hurried into endless Night.  
 Pleasures, far-fetch'd, enervate and destroy, 45  
 They give us Pain, but give no real Joy :  
 Whilst kind Assistance it will seem to lend,  
 With Fortitude and Honour shun the End.

A strong Disease strong Medicines require,  
 The weaker Sort adds Fuel to the Fire, 50  
 The Mind may wander, for new Objects burn,  
 But still it soon will think of a Return.  
 Those very Cities that we go to see,  
 Reduce unto our Thoughts the Memory  
 Of our own Country ; something there appears 55  
 That gives fresh Wounds, and raises up our Fears.  
 Supposing by some Chance we rest awhile,  
 Behold new Beauties that rewards the Toil,  
 No more you'll find it than a golden Dream,  
 Vanish as swift as does the murm'ring Stream. 60  
 Just as some Wretch that is worn out with Pain,  
 Relief from Slumber seeks, and Rest to gain :  
 His Fever to assuage and Health return,  
 Pain still succeeds, and he is left to burn.  
 In human Breasts we various Passions see, 65  
 And if those Passions interrupted be,  
 By Interruption they will stronger grow,  
 The Cause to long Vacation we must owe.

Think and be resolute, what's bad avoid,  
 Take Prudence for your Tutor and your Guide. 70

Away, away with vain Experiment,  
 Remedies much worse than the Event.

If that you change your Climate, for what End  
 Alter your Scheme? What Good do you intend?  
 For Change of Temper such a Change prepare, 75  
 Then shall we ev'ry other Blessing share.

*Rome*, antient *Rome*, and *Austria's* fruitful Earth,  
 Who gave to Heroes and to Kings their Birth,  
 With other Wonders which are yet more rare,  
 We listen with Delight, and pleas'd to hear. 80

But how much better and how sweet the Spoil,  
 To seek for Wisdom is a glorious Toil.  
 If you would foot it in those fertile Fields,  
 That gives Delight and sweet Instruction yields.

Don't be like them who never do maintain 85  
 A Fight within themselves, but flee in vain.  
 All Cowards flying do themselves expose,  
 And give the greater Fury to their Foes.



Listen, give Ear, and with Attention stand,  
 Obedience have, and do what I command : 90  
 To fortify and arm thyself prepare,  
 Against this Enemy of Grief and Fear.  
 Firmness and Resolution be thy Trust,  
 To ev'ry Friend be sure that thou be just.  
 Brave Fortitude, the Theme on which I write, 95  
 With Firmness persevere in and delight.  
 By Fighting, Victors there are some remain ;  
 The End by Flying never can you gain.  
 By Fortitude you'll be preserv'd by Fate,  
 Above the Pride and Envy of the Great, 110 }  
 Be stedfast, nothing shall thy Joys defeat.  
 Calm and serene meet Accidents in Life,  
 Unmov'd by Anger, Discord, or by Strife.  
 Pride and Ambition, Greatness, all is Pain,  
 Glory a Bubble, and at best but vain. 105  
 Patience a Virtue, and a noble one ;  
 But then take Care the two Extremes to shun :  
 Virtue she marches in the middle Way,  
 Cautiously heedful lest she goes astray.

Reason her Guide, right Reason is her Stay 110  
 Not ev'ry Tide can bear her swift away.  
 By that our Actions all Men learn to know,  
 Without that Prudence 'tis an empty Show.  
*Seneca* does extoll it as a Part  
 Of divine Wisdom fus'd into the Heart 115  
 Of Man : It's Faculty most excellent,  
 And teaches Men to judge of the Event  
 Of Human Miseries, and with what Care  
 Our Conduct in this Life we ought to steer :  
 Else why those Stings of Conscience in the Breast 120  
 Of Sinners, to deprive them of their Rest :  
 Their Approbation of a better Life,  
 Free from Anxiety and free from Strife,  
 Extorted from them, tho' it is by Force,  
 In Hopes to gain the better lose the worse. 125  
 Cleanse us from all our Faults and inward Stains,  
 Guide and direct us in our Wanderings :  
 Shew us the Way to Virtue and true Peace,  
 Unlock the Fetters and the Mind release.

As Flowers by Instinct bend towards the Sun, 130  
So Reason to it's Origin doth turn ;  
Firm and immoveable in what is good,  
The Fountain of right Counsel understood.  
Whoever hears and is to this confin'd,  
Will soon subdue the Passions of the Mind : 135  
The Lab'rins of this Life will not perplex,  
No false Ideas will his Fancy vex.  
Opinion is a Shadow, a Pretence,  
Of Reason but a faint Resemblance :  
It languishes for This or That To-day, 140  
To-morrow fancies Something that's more gay.  
Nothing with Judgement will it e'er discern,  
This it approves, and That condemns by Turn :  
Indulging, gratifying ev'ry Sense  
O'er which our Reason should have Influence. 145  
The Eye, false Measure makes of Things we see  
In Water, Air, if they at Distance be :  
So fares it with the Mind that does behold,  
And forms his Notions as a Story's told.



Consider and enquire well the Case, 150  
 The Reason, just Foundation, and the Place,  
 Why such a Passion will distract our Mind,  
 Why such a Man's to such a Vice inclin'd :  
 If a good Mind's the chief of our Intent,  
 We false Opinions must at first prevent : 155  
 As Soldiers, when they go to storm a Town,  
 Propose at first the Castles to pull down :  
 For as an empty Ship at Sea is tost  
 By ev'ry angry Billow till she's lost :  
 So will that vagrant Mind of ours be, 160  
 Whene'er we wander, or from Reason flee.  
 Reason, a Consolation 'gainst all Grief,  
 There let the weary'd Pilgrim seek Relief ;  
 And, if that godlike Property you gain,  
 Firm and secure continue to remain. 165  
 Some Princes do this envy'd Motto bear,  
*Rais'd not by Hope, nor yet depress'd by Fear.*  
 This shall be yours, with Constancy pursue  
 Right Reason, and be that your only View.

Some Rivers thro' the midway Seas do glide, 170  
 Remain entire, and unmix'd abide :  
 So no furrounding Tumults shall give Pain,  
 No Cares molest for to disturb the Brain.  
 Make this your Port, with Peace and Safety live,  
 And taste the Pleasures that this Life can give. 175  
 If Storms and Tempests, Hurricanes arise,  
 Blue Lightnings flash, and rend the vaulted Skies,  
 Firm and secure you'll stand the coming Day ;  
 Prudence will all thy Ills and Cares repay.  
 Two Things lay Siege to, Constancy there are 180  
 How to avoid should be our greatest Care :  
 Amongst the first is Honours, Health, long Life ;  
 Amidst the last, Diseases, Death and Strife.  
 From these two Stocks four chief Affections grow,  
 Which compass and perplex our Life with Woe : 185  
 Desire and Joy, the wearied Mind's Relief,  
 But then 'tis oft depress'd with Fear and Grief :  
 The former some imagine to be good,  
 The latter always evil's underflood.

Each of them equally the Mind perplex, 190  
 Molest our Thoughts, and do our Fancies vex ;  
 Unless with Circumspection we avoid,  
 Take Reason for our Tutor and our Guide.  
 How often have we seen the Rustics Dread,  
 And throng together from the distant Mead 195  
 Upon some sudden, unforeseen Event ;  
 No sooner over, ask them their Intent,  
 Examine them apart, and 'twill be known  
 Each was afraid to lose what was his own.  
 View the Nobility and wealthier Sort, 200  
 Whose chief Dependence is upon a Court :  
 The Nation's more their Aim, and more their Care,  
 They greater Riches than the Vulgar share :  
 Riches, Ambition, and a Thirst of Gain,  
 Good Reasons they their Country's Cause maintain. 205  
*Italians* quit their native Soil for Gold,  
 By *France* or *Germany* are bought or sold.  
 How many thousand swarthy *Spaniards* roam  
 To Lands remote and Regions far from home ?



But for what Cause? The Reason it is plain, 210

Not for their Country's Cause, but 'tis for Gain.

A firm and upright Mind can never err,

It steers the middle Course, is void of Fear.

Pity a Virtue thought in human Breast,

Where Sorrows do afflict, disturb the Rest 215

Of Man; but 'tis a Weakness of the Mind,

And very near to Misery inclin'd.

An Eye relax'd and weak will Blood-shot grow,

To view another that's already so.

Pity, by great and noble Souls defin'd, 220

A low, submissive Meanness of the Mind:

Still not so rigid and severe to see

Another's Grief and not affected be,

To be affected is what I approve,

Assist a Friend with Tendernefs and Love, 225

Mercy's an Inclination to relieve,

Lighten the afflicted Mind and Pleasure give.

Pity, Humanity some Men will call,

In mingling Sighs with Sighs, and Tears let fall.

A Man of Mercy never will inthrall, 230  
 He pities not, but Succour lends to all.  
 He kind and better Offices will do,  
 Than if he pity'd and lamented too.  
 Mankind's Misfortunes he will view with Care,  
 With a right Eye and with a list'ning Ear. 235  
 He with the unhappy Suff'rer will discourse,  
 By Weight of Argument his Words have Force.  
 Courageously he'll comfort and advise,  
 With Caution he will do it and be wise.  
 Left the Contagion should it's Mischief spread, 240  
 And he have Cause the same Disease to dread.  
 As Gladiators oft a Wound receive,  
 Which they to their Antagonist would give.  
 A Soldier order'd for a March will get  
 His Knapsack ready, and all Things complete: 245  
 Let the Drum beat to Arms ; he's ready found,  
 Prepar'd to follow at the Trumpet's Sound :  
 His Mind's attentive, give but the Command  
 To cross the Seas, or Castles storm by Land :

So in this little Maze, this Span of Life, 250  
Boldly march on, nor be afraid of Strife.  
With Courage, Resolution, and with Care,  
In Constancy and Goodness persevere.  
No human Power Misfortunes can foresee,  
Vex not thyself nor yet uneasy be. 255  
We mortal Men are liable to Ill,  
Some Things will cross us, go against our Will.  
Obey your Maker, unto Fate submit,  
Learn to be lowly, and to be discreet.  
All Things by Nature once must have an End; 260  
For so by Providence it was ordain'd,  
A certain inward Proneness to decay,  
Cut down and like a Blossom fade away.  
As Rust to Iron, and as Worms to Wood,  
The Cause of their Decay is understood. 265  
Cities and Kingdoms have their proper Cause,  
Why they're to perish, and by Nature's Laws.  
Look upon Things above or Things below,  
They've perish'd from the first, as Ages show.



All Things in this Life Changes undergo, 270  
 The Sun and Moon are oft eclips'd we know :  
 The Stars that in the Heavens so bright appear,  
 Fall from their Orb, and vanish in the Air.  
 The Air we know by our great Maker's Power,  
 Can change to Winds, to Clouds, or to a Shower. 275  
 The Sea itself is often swell'd with Storms,  
 Then smooth'd with Calms, and tofs'd in diff'rent Forms.  
 Ebbing and Flowing of the mighty Sea,  
 May be a Reason it will once decay.  
 The Earth that some immoveable believe, 280  
 By Vapours struggling, oft a Palsy give.  
 Be not amaz'd amongst Men there is War,  
 The very Elements themselves will jar.  
 Maturity and Youth, old Age and Death,  
 Our Maker to us Mortals did bequeath. 285  
 So Kingdoms great that Good affords to all,  
 A certain Height once reach, and then they fall.  
 Rash, inadvertent Man, who thinks that he  
 Can baffle and elude what Fates decree.

*Zeno* of old, when Fate he would define, 290  
 Unto this Principle he did incline :  
 It matters not, if Nature it we call,  
 Or, in few Words, the God that governs all.  
 As *Seneca* does say, the greatest *Jove*,  
 Ruler of Things below and Things above. 295  
 Historians this Reason do assign,  
 To make a Vow the *Romans* did combine :  
 So that their flying Army at Command  
 Soon stopt their Flight, was order'd still to stand.  
*Cæsar*, by Fate, was order'd to be slain ; 300  
 For so th' all-wise Providence did ordain :  
 I' th' Senate-house, and by his dearest Friend,  
 Which when he saw, cry'd, *CÆSAR have an End.*  
 Th' Almighty, He alone who orders Fate,  
 Can break thro' all it's Foldings intricate. 305  
*Euclid* to one that ask'd made this Reply,  
 " The Gods the Curious hate, and from them fly."  
 Tyranny, Death, and Slaughters from above,  
 Strive not t' evade the Will of mighty *Jove* :

Fear them and fly you may, but not prevent ; 310

Flying will never answer your Intent :

'Tis Fate that you recover a Disease,

The Doctor seek, make Use of Remedies.

Many there are be valiant with their Tongue,

Yet in an Action never counted strong. 315

*Solon*, who saw that *Athens* must have End,

For Liberty in vain he might contend ;

That all Attempts for Freedom were in vain,

His Purpose never likely was to gain :

Before the *Curias'* Door laid down his Shield, 320

These Words repeated, and was forced to yield :

“ My Country ! my Country ! (th' *Athenian* cry'd)

“ Assistance to thee never I deny'd :

“ In Counsel and in Action have I strove

“ To gain their Friendship, and to gain their Love.”

Away departed, and went home resolv'd, 326

No more in Counsel e'er to be involv'd.

*Crates* was with a noble Courage blest,

When *Alexander* was of all possess'd,



Ask'd if of him, his Country he implored, 330

To ancient Privilege might be restor'd.

He straight replied, " I know 'twill be but vain ;

" Some other Hero will my Country gain."

Let Griefs, tho' fad, within the Breast repose,

What Gain is't to awake our sleeping Woes. 335



*F I N I S.*



